## Gavanagh,

### The Great Conservation Novel

CHAPTER IX. THE DOCTOR SEES LIZE.

EE VIRGINIA said goodby to sirs, Redfield with grateful appreciation of her kindness, and espedecially of her invitation to come again, and the tears in her eyes profoundly affected the older woman. who, with a friendliness which was something more than politeness, invited her to come again. "Whenever Roaring Fork gets on your nerves we'll be very glad to rescue you." she said in parting.

Hugh Redfield the girl thoroughly understood and loved, he was so simple hearted and so loyal. On the way to the office he said to Lee, "I will talk to the doctor if you like."

"I wish you would," she responded fervently.

She remained in the machine while he went in, and as she sat there a train passed on its downward eastward run, and a feeling of loneliness, of helplessness, filled her heart. Now that she was within sight of the railway the call of the east, the temptation to escape all her discomforts, was almost great enough to carry her away, but into her mind came the thought of the ranger riding his solitary way, and she turned her face to her own duties once more, comforted by the words of praise he had spoken and by the blaze of admiration in his

Redfield came out, followed by a small man carrying a neat bag.

"You'd better sit behind, doctor," said Redfield. "I shall be very busy on this trip."

"Very well." replied the other, "if Miss Wetherford remains beside me; otherwise I shall rebel."

He began by asking a few questions about her mother's way of life, but as Lee was not very explicit he became impersonal and talked of whatsoever came into his mind-motorcars, irrigation, hunting, flowers, anything at all-and the girl had nothing to do but to utter an occasional phrase to show that she was listening. It was all rather depressing to her, for she could not understand how a man so garrulous could be a good physician. She was quite sure her mother would not treat him with the slightest re-

After all, he talked well. His stream of conversation shortened the way for her. Soon they were rolling quietly up the street to the door of the Wetherford House.

They found Lize on duty behind the counter, as usual. Her face was dejected, her eyes dull, but as she caught sight of the strange little man she cried out, "Why didn't you bring me a man, Reddy?"

"Hush, mother!" cautioned Lee. "This is the famous eastern physician."

"You can't be famous for your beauty; you must be brainy," she remarked to herself in the stranger's hearing. Redfield presented "Dr. Fessenden

She started again on contemptuous ways, but was stopped by the little tian. "Get down out of that chair!"

he commanded. "My time is money!" Lize flushed with surprise and anger, but obeyed, and Lee Virginia, secretly delighted with the physician's imperative manner, led the way into the lodging house. "i'll wok after the cash, mother," she said. "Don't wor-

"I'm not worrying," she replied. "But what does that little whelp mean by talking to me like that? I'll swat him one if he isn't careful!"

"It's his way. Please don't anger him. You need his help."

The doctor interfered. "Now, madam, strip and let's see what's the matter with you," whereupon he laid off his coat and opened his box of instru-

Lee fled, and Redfield, who had remained standing beside the counter, could not repress a smile. "She's caught a tartar this time."

"Poor mother! How dreadfully ill she looks today! I hope the doctor will order her to rest."

"But will she obey? I've argued that with her. She keeps saying she will, but she won't."

It was nearly 1, but the customers were coming in, and the girl, laying



GET DOWN OUT OF THAT CHAIR!" aside her hat and veil, took her sent cash register, while Redf !!

# Ranger

By HAMLIN GARLAND Copyright, 1910, by Hamlin Garland

and the wheels to spin, and Lee Virginia was left to face her mother's obstinate resistance alone. She felt suddenly very desolate, very weak and very poor. "What If mother should die?" she asked berself,

Gregg was standing before the counter talking with Lize as Lee returned. and he said, with a broad smile, "I've just been saying I'd take this hotel off your mother's hands provided you went with it."

In the mouths of some men these words would have been harmless enough, but coming from the tongue of one whose life could only be obscurely hinted at the jest was an insult. The girl shuddered with repulfor the return trip. She realized that sion, and Lize spoke out:

went out to put his machine in order

she was now at close hand grapple

Her glowing cheeks, her pretty dress

cause of her mother's temporary ab-

Perceiving her nervousness, Neill Bal-

blundered sadly with the next cus-

she sprang to her feet and left them

to make triumphant exit. "I got her

rattled," he roared as he went out.

The diners were all smiling, and

Gregg took a malicious satisfaction in

her defeat. She had held berself

haughtily apart from him, and he was .

Leaving her place behind the coun-

ter, she walked through the room with

uplifted head and burning eyes, her

heart filled with bitterness and fire.

She hated the whole town, the whole

state at the moment. Were these "like

'hivairous short grass knights" she had

heard so much about-these the large

souled "western founders of empire?"

that all the heroes of her childhood

had been of the stamp of Neill Ballard

In the hall her pride, her sense of

duty, came back to her, and she halted

ed. "I will not let these dreadful

Thereupon she turned and went

back, pale now, but resolved to prove

herself the mistress of the situation

Fortunately Redfield had returned,

and his serene presence helped her to

recover complete control of herself.

impliment, and by this means sh

The doctor, appearing suddenly in

the door, beckoned to her, and, leav-

ing her place, she crossed to where he

quiet for an hour or two if you can."

there. I will write out some lists for

Lee found her mother sitting in such

dejection as she had never known her

to display, though she fired up suffi-

ciently to say: "That cussed little

thimblerigger has been throwing a

great big scare into me. He says I've

got to get outdoors, live on raw meat

and weak tea and walk five miles a

day. That's what he says," she add-

ed in renewed astonishment at the

man's audacity. "Who's at the cash?"

"Mr. Redfield," replied Lee. "I'll go

"No, you won't. I'm no dead horse

Despite all warnings she walked out

where the doctor sat and explained

"That's your problem," he replied

very ill indeed, though not in danger

den. "and everything depends upon her

own action whether she takes the

plunge this winter or twenty years

from now, She's a strong woman, or

has been, but she has presumed upon

her strength. She used to live out of

doors, she tells me, during all her ear-

ly life, and now, shut in by these

walls, working sixteen hours a day.

she is killing herself. Get her out if

As he rose and approached the coun-

ter Lize shoved a couple of gold pieces

across the board, "That wipes you

off my map." she grimly declared. "I

"It's up to you, madam," he replied,

"I'll be down again in a day or

The machine began to pur and spit

you can and cut out stimulants."

hope you enjoyed your ride."

two," called Redfield.

pocketing the gold. "Good day!"

ber inability to manage her mother.

"What is the matter, doctor?"

you after my luncheon."

right back."

put me out of business."

of sudden death.

subdued them.

her fleeing feet. "I will not be beaten."

She'll remember me."

glad to see her humbled.

with life.

"Now, see here, Bullfrog, I'm dead on the hoof and all that, but neither you nor any other citizen like you can made her a shining mark, and the men be funny with my girl. She's not for began at once to improve their opporyou. Now, that's final! She ain't your tunity by asking, "Where's Lize?" And this embarrassed her, for the rea-

She turned to Lee. "I'm hungry. Where's that grub chart of mine?"

son that she did not care to go into the Lee brought the doctor's page of notes and read it through, while her mother snorted at intervals: "Hah! Dry tonst, weak ten, no coffee, no allard raised loud outcry over a mistake she made in returning change, and cohol. Huh! I might as well starve! this so confused and angered her that | Eggs-fish-milk! Why didn't he say her eyes misted with tears, and she boiled live lobsters and champagne? I tell you right now I'm not going to go into that kind of a game. If I die tomer. His delight in her discomfiture, I'm going to die eating what I blame his words, his grin, became unendurable, and in a flush of rage and despair | please!"

The struggle had begun. With desperate courage Lee fought, standing squarely in the rut of her mother's daily habit. "You must not hive up here any longer," she insisted. "You must get out and walk and ride. I can take care of the house, at least till we can sell it."

It was like breeking the pride of an athlete, but little by little she forced upon her mother a realization of her true condition, and at last Lize consented to effer the business for sale.

Lee longed for the presence of Ross Cavanagh at this moment, when all her little world seemed tumbling into ruin, and almost in answer to her wordless prayer came a messenger from the little telephone office, "Some one wants At the moment she was in the belief to talk to you.'

She answered this call hurriedly. thinking at first that it must be Mrs. Redfield. The booth was in the little sitting room of a private cottage, and the mistress of the place, a shrewd she declared, and her lips straighten- little woman with inquisitive eyes. said, "Sounds to me like Ross Cavacreatures make a fool of me in that nagh's voice."

Lee was thankful for the booth's privacy, for her cheeks flamed up at this remark, and when she took up the receiver her heart was beating so loud it seemed as if the person at the other end of the wire must hear it. "Who is it, please?" she asked, with breathless intensity.

She remained coldly blank to every A man's voice came back over wire so clear, so distinct, so intimate, it seemed as if he were speaking into her ear. "It is I, Ross Cavanagh. I want to ask how your mother is."

"She is terribly disheartened by what stood. "Your mother needs you," he the doctor has said, but she is in no said curtly. "Go to her and keep her immediate danger."

He perceived her agitation and was instantly sympathetic. "Can I be of "I can't tell you precisely, but you use? Do you need me? If you do I'll must get her on a diet and keep her come down."

"Where are you?" "I am at the sawmill, the nearest

telephone station."

'How far away are you?" "About thirty miles."

"Oh!" She expressed in this little sound her disappointment, and as it trembled over the wire he spoke quickly: "Please tell me! Do you want me to come down? Never mind the distance. I can ride it in a few hours." She was tempted, but bravely said:

No; I'd like to see you, of course, but the doctor said mother was in no danger. You must not come on our account."

He felt the wonder of the moment's She struggled to her feet and started for the cash register. "I won't intercourse over the wilderness steeps let no little Omaha doughle like that and said so. "You can't imagine how strangely sweet and civilized your voice sounds to me here in this savage place. It makes me hope that some day you into the dining room and took her acand Mrs. Redfield will come up and customed seat with set and stern face. visit me in person." while her daugnter went to the table

"I should like to come." "Perhaps it would do your mother good to camp for awhile. Can't you

persuade her to do so?" coolly. Then rapidly, succinctly and "I'm trying to do that-I mean, to clearly he went over the case and laid stop work-but she says, 'What can out a course of treatment. Out of it we do to earn a living?"

all Lee deduced that her mother was "If nothing happens I hope to spend an hour or two at the Fork next Sunday. I hope to find your mother bet-"She's on the chute," said Fessen- ter.

Their words were of this unemotional sort, but in their voices something

subtler than the electrical current vibrated. He called to her in wordless fashion, and she answered in the same mysterious code, and when she said "Goodby!" and hung up the receiver her world went suddenly gray and commonplace, as if a ray of special sunlight had been withdrawn.

CHAPTER X.

THE POACHERS. NE morning as he topped the rise between the sawmill and his own station Cavanagh heard two rifle shots in quick succession snapping across the high peak on his left. Bringing his horse

"A berder shooting coyotes," was his first thought. Then, remembering that there were no camps in that direction and that a flock of mountain sheep (which he had been guarding carefully) habitually fed round that grassy peak, his mind changed. "I wonder if those fellows are after those sheep." he mused as he angled down the slope. "I reckon it's up to me to see."

In less than three hours he was over tain that the hunters were still above him. He rode quietly up the valley, pausing often to listen and to scrutinize the landscape, but no sign of campfire and no further rifle shots came, and at last he went into camp count you in the game." upon the trail, resolved to wait till the experience as a soldier helped him to maintain without nodding.

In these long hours his thought played about the remembrance of his last visit to the Fork and his hour with Lee. He wondered what she was doing at the moment. How charming she had looked there at Redfields'-so girlish in form, so serious and womanly of face!

He felt as never before the includible loneliness of the ranger's life. The guardians of these high places must forever be solitary. No ranger could rightfully be husband and father, for to bring women and children into these solitudes would be cruel.

He put all this aside-for the timeby remembering that he was a soldier under orders and that marriage was a long way off, and so smoked his pipe and waited for the dawn, persistent as a Sioux and as silent as a fox.

At daylight, there being still no sign of his quarry, he saddled his horse and was about to ride up the trail when he caught the sound of voices and the sharp click of iron hoofs on the rocks above him. With his horse's bridle in his arm he awaited the approaching horsemen, resolute and ready to act.

As C marauders rounded the elbow in the trail he was surprised to



HE AWAITED THE APPROACHING HOESE-MEN, RESOLUTE AND READY TO ACT.

recognize in the leader young Gregg. The other man was a stranger, an older man, with a grizzled beard, and tall and stooping figure.

"Hello, Joe!" called the ranger.

"You're astir early!" The youth's fat face remained imperturbable, but hiseeyes betrayed uneasi-

ness. "Yes, it's a long pull into town." "Been hunting?" queried the ranger. still with cheery, polite interest.

"Oh, no; just visiting one of sheep camps." Cavanagh's voice was a little less

suave. "Not on this creek," he de-"I moved your herder last week." He walked forward. "That's a heavy load for a short trip to a sheep camp." He put his hand on the pack. "I guess you'll have to open this, for I heard two shots yesterday morning up where that flock of mountain sheep is running, and, furthermore, I can see blood stains on this saddle blanket."

Gregg threw out a hand in com- though why he didn't come here I mand. "Open it up, Edwards!" he said sullenly.

Off came the outfit, and under the tent lay the noble head of a wild ram, a look of reproach still in his splendid yellow eyes.

Cavanagh's face hardened. thought so. Now heave it back and cinch up. It's you to the nearest magistrate, which happens to be Higley of Roaring Fork. I'll make an example of you fellows."

There was nothing for Gregg to say and nothing for Edwards to do but obey, for a resolute ranger with an excellent weapon of the latest and most approved angular pattern stood ready to enforce his command, and when the pack was recinched Cavanagh waved an imperative hand. guess I'll have to take charge of your guns," he said, and they yielded without a word of protest, "Now march! Take the left hand trail."

A couple of hours of silent trave brought them to the ranger's cabin, and there he ordered a dismount,

As the coffee was boiling he lectured them briefly. "You fellows are not entirely to blame," he remarked philosophically. "You've been educated to think a game warden a joke and Uncle Sam a long way off. But things have changed a bit. The law of the state has made me game warden, and I'm going to show you how it works. It's my duty to see that you go down the road-and down you go!"

Edwards, the guide, was plainly very uneasy and made several at-

to a stand, he unslung his fieldglasses car and at fast specific. "I've beet and slowly and minutely swept the fooled into this," he aimed. "I was tawny slopes of Sheep mountain, from | bard up and a strong or to the country, which the forbidden sounds seemed to and this young fellow third me to guide blue a ross the range. I didn't shoot a thing. I swear I didn't. If you'll let use off I'm hit the trail to the west and never lock back. Don't take me down the road. Let me off?"

"I can't do that," replied Cavanagh. but his tone was kindlier, for he perceived that the old fellow was thin. bollow chested and poorly clad. "You out vile threats against the ranger. knew you were breaking the laws, didn't you?"

This the culprit admitted, "But I on the trail in the canyon, quite cer- Joe asked me to go show him the trail was working for Sam Gregg, and when I didn't expect to get cinched for kill- done? Higley is not to be found, and ing game. I didn't fire a shot-new that's the truth."

were packing the head, and I must

Edwards fell silent then, but someposchers appeared, a ward which his thing in his look deepened the ranger's I shall camp right here till morning and his face so emaciated that he seemed fit only for a sanitarium.

The trip to the Fork (timed to the gait of a lazy pack horse) was a tedious | consistent upholder of the game laws; eight hours' march, and it was nearly but, perceiving that the whole town 7 o'clock when they arrived at the outskirts of the village.

To the casual observer in a town of this character there was nothing specially noticeable in three horsemen his barroom, nervously seeking to be driving a pack horse, but to those neutral-"to carry water on both shoulwhose eyes were keen the true relationship of the ranger to his captives was instantly apparent, and when they alighted at Judge Higley's office a bunch of eager observers quickly col-

"Hello, Joe! What luck?" called Ballard.

"Our luck was a little too good-we caught a game warden," replied the young scapegrace.

The ranger was chagrined to find the office of the justice closed for the day and, turning to his captives, caid: "I'm hungry, and I've no doubt you are. I'm going to take you into Mike Halsey's saloon for supper, but remember you are my prisoners."

In lifteen minutes the town was rumbling with the news. Under Ballard's | This is no jail." devilry all the latent hatred of the ranger and all the concealed opposition of holding my prisoners here till the to the forest service came to the sur- justice is found. It isn't my fault that face like the scum on a pot of broth. The saloons and eating houses boiled He was weakened by the knowledge with indigmant protest. "What busi- that Halsey had only half consented to ness is it of Ross Cavanagh's?" they aid justice, but his pride was roused, demanded. "What call has he to interfere? He's not a game warden."

"Yes, he is. All these rangers are going to see that these men are pungame wardens," corrected another,

commissioned by the governor," "Well, he's been commissioned. He's one at the back. warden all right."

fresh. He needs to have a halt. Let's lifts a hand toward the light I'll cut do him. Let's bluff him out."

perintending the service when one of the crowd, and, leaping upon the the waiters came in breathless with counter, a reckless cub reached for excitement. "Ross Cavanagh has shot | the lamp. Joe Gregg for killing sheep!"

"Who told you so?" "They're all talking about it out

there. Gee, but they're hot! Some of 'em want to lynch him." Lee hurried out into the dining room,

which was crowded with men and volcing deep excitement. A half dozen men were standing be-

fore the counter talking with Lize, but Lee pushed in to inquire with white, inquiring face: "What is it all about? What has happened?"

"Nothing much." Lize replied contemptuously, "but you'd think a horse had been stole. Ross has nipped Joe Gregg and one of his herders for killing mountain sheep."

"Do you mean he shot them?"

"Yes: he took their heads." Lee stood aghast. "What do you mean? Whose heads?"

Lize laughed. "The sheep's heads. Oh, don't be scared! No one is hurt yet. The girl flushed with confusion as

killed a man," she explained. "Where is he? Lize betrayed annoyance. "They say he's taking supper at Mike Halsey's,

That he was in any real danger she could not believe. It was disheartening to Cavanagh to

see how some of the most influential citizens contrived to give encourage

ment to the riotous element of the town. A wink, a gesture, a careless word to the proper messenger, conveyed to the saloon rounders an assurance of sympathy which inflamed their resentment to the murderous point. It was confessedly one of the worst communities in the state.

"Let's run Cavanagh!" was the suggestion of several of Gregg's friends. The fact that the ranger was a commissioned officer of the law and that the ram's head had been found on the poacher's pack made very little diftempts to reach Cavanagh's private gators to assault. It was wonderful

how highly that loafing young rascal. Joe Gregg, was prized at the moment. "It's an outrage that the son of a leading citizen should be held up in this way by one of the forestry Cossacks," declared one of the merchants,

The discussion which took place over the bars of the town was at the riot heat by 9 o'clock, and soon after 10 a crowd of howling, whooping bad boys and disreputable ranch hands were parading the walks, breathing

Accustomed to men of this type, Cavanagh watched them come and go at Halsey's bar with calculating eyes. "There will be no trouble for an hour or two, but meanwhile what is to be the town marshal is also 'out of town." To Halsey he said: "I am "Nevertheless," retorted Ross, "you acting, as you know, under both federal and state authority, and I call upon you as a law abiding citizen to aid me in holding these men prisoners. His eyes were large and dark, or until the magistrate or the marshal relieves me of my culprits."

Haisey was himself a sportsman-s genuine lover of bunting and a fairly had apparently lined up in oppositi to the ranger, he lost courage. His consent was half hearted, and he edged away toward the front window of ders," as the phrase goes.

The talk grew less jocular as the drinks took effect, and Neill Ballard. separating himself from the crowd. came forward, calling loudly: "Come out o' there, Joe! Come out and have a drink!"

His words conveyed less of battle than his tone. He was, in fact, urging a revolt, and Cavanagh knew it. Gregg rose as if to comply. The

ranger stopped him. "Keep your seat," said he, and to Ballard he warningly remarked, "And you keep away from my prisoners."

"Do you own this saloon?" retorted the fellow truculently. "I reckon Halsey's customers have some rights, What are you doing here, anyway?

"Halsey has given me the privilege the town is without judge or jail." and he was determined upon carrying his arrest to its legitimate end. "I'm ished if I have to carry them to Sul-

"No, they're not. They have to be phur City," he added. "Smash the lights!" shouted some

Here was the first real note of war. "I don't believe it. Anyhow, he's too and Ross cried out sharply, "If a man

it off!" Lee Virginia was in the kitchen su- There was a stealthy movement in

Cavanagh's revolver shattered the Lee faced her with blanched face. globe in the fellow's very palm. "Get down from there!" he commanded.

[CONTINUED.]

It is well to stop a physical ailment at the first signs of its approach, and that is especially true of liver trouble, which can eventually give rise to so many serious complications. Many have liver trouble and imagine it is indigestion, and hence take the wrong remedy. When the liver does not store up suf-ficient gastric juices it becomes shipplet

ficient gastric julces it becomes sluggish, and in this way disturbs the stomach and bowels, with which it is supposed to work in harmony. Then comes the sallow complexion, the pimply face, the dull pain in the forchead, the thinning of the blood, etc. A very quick and sensible way to stop the trouble as well as to cure it is by the use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which contains ingredients especially intended to premote the activity of the liver. the men roared over her blunder. "One divity of the liver,
Among the many thousands who have written the doctor about the results written the doctor about the results achieved with his remedy, and who are glad to make the facts public so that others can help themselves, are Mr. Jas. Kennedy, St. Louis, Mo.: Mrs. S. A. La Rue of Smith's Grove, Ky., and many others.

though why he didn't come here I don't see. What's he going to do?" she asked. "Won't the marshal take the men off his hands?"

"Not without warrant from Higley, and Higley is out of town. Ross'll have to hold 'em till Higley gets back or else take 'em over to Chauvenet," Lize snorted. "Old Higley! Yes, he's been known to disappear before when there was some real work to be done."

Lee went back to her own task with a vague sense of alarm. "Certainly they will not dare to interfere with an officer in the discharge of his duties," she thought. She was eager to see him, and the thought that he might be obliged to ride away to Chauvenet without a word to her gave her a deeper feeling of annoyance and unrest. That he was in any real danger she ers. hese, like thousands of others, started

## Wealthy Negro Is Dead.

Phildelphia, Pa., April 4.- After a long illness, John Trower, reputed to be the wealthiest negro in the Unitec States, died today at his home in Germantown. a suburb. Trower, whose fortune is said to amount to \$1,500,000, was prominent in church work and founded a Babtist seminary in Downington, Pa., near here. He was 61 years old.

ference to these irresponsible insti- DR. BELL'S ANTI-PAIN For Internal and External Pa